THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 2, 1807.

COMMUNICATION *to the* LETTER-BOX.

Mr. Editor,

I Shall briefly say the dry maxims of your friend and correspondent, Mr. Eugenio, I do not altogether relish, no more than his presumptuous signature. He stiles himself Eugenio, as I suppose, because Eugenio is *Latin* for genius; thus bruiting forth his own consequence; but (as you may *perceive)* being myself a most excellent *scholar*, genius shall jostle genius, not in the dark, but open day! Mounted on my hobby then, off I set on a full gallop, my Pegasus, loaded with wit, scattering all its brilliancies on the way.

And first—I shall throw out a hint to Eugenio, and all the Eugenios of the age, of proper subjects for a dashing pen, and expect shortly to see some new publications on the following subjects:

Instructions to Gentlemen of the Chace

How to avoid breaking their necks in a fox-hunt, riding ôver the hounds, or plumping their pates against trees.

Never to offend delicate wives, by drowning the fatigue of the morning in an evening bottle, and be carried drunk and *lifeless* to bed.

N. B. Wives not to indulge themselves in whim and caprice; or the secret pleasure of contemplating a *buck* at the table, or a display of *horns* in the hall.

A New Treatise on

Puppyism and Insipidity,

Dedicated to all the beaux, fops, and coxcombs of the age.

A new and enlarged edition, in folio, of the daring, gallant, and glorious exploits of some brave bold

ENGLISH MASTIFFS.

A former part of this work is highly disrelished by all the enemies of Great Britain, more particularly those on board ships of the line, frigates, bombs, and privateers.

NEW LIGHTS on ASTRONOMY,

In which *an ingenious* author must clearly prove Nelson a fixed constellation.

BRITISH EXCELLENCE!

A work of magnitude; printed on a beautifully fine letter paper, an elegant type, and richly bound and gilt. Pourtraying a just, and not exaggerated picture of true greatness of mind, magnanimity of soul, moderation, princely affection, and every heroic, manly, and social virtue! most respectfully and dutifully addressed to his Britannic majesty! by a grateful, loyal, and affectionate people.

After which, Mr. Editor, might follow a list of wants. Such as—

WANTED

Immediately, by a young lady of rare beauty, and fashionable accomplishments, 5000l.

N. B. Nothing more than *personal* security will be given.

Wanted, by people of fashion in general, a firm resolution *to stay at home;* and the sick and infirm only to visit watering-places; being the best and easiest method to reduce the expences of travelling, curl the insolence and impositions of inn-keepers, and will reduce the price of provisions throughout the country. Together with a larger proportion of grace to be distributed among some of the nobility and gentry.

Also, a good sample of humility, and gratitude, to be distributed among the poor, with an increase of charity to supply their wants; together with the whip of correction, to be occasionally applied to the backs of unfeeling overseers, &c. &c.

Wanted too, a disrelish for parochial dinners, wines, and other luxuries; the expence of which tend only to gorge brutal appetite, and lessen the comforts of our unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Wanted, the interference of government, to prevent monopoly, extortion, and the abuses now circulating among farmers, millers, bakers, butchers, butter-factors, &c.

Wanted,

Wanted, a reduction of taxes, by a reduction of pensions, and sinecure places, for the benefit of the people.

Wanted, by some piddling practitioners in the law, a little more honesty, candour, and professional skill—for the benefit of their clients.

Wanted, by a squadron of bucks, a little manly spirit, true courage, erudition, and common sense—for the benefit of themselves and society.

Wanted, a very large supply of dimities, cottons, chambries, cambrics, and muslins, for enlarging and lengthening ladies' petticoats; to be worn also, on the *arms*, as emblems of *modesty*.

N. B. It is said that ladies of the Cyprian corps mean to indulge this winter in covered bosoms and arms; long, large, comfortable petticoats, conceiving their case truly pitiable, by modest women having so long torn from them every exterior badge of their profession; by which, gentlemen (mistaking the usual mark) have been led astray, by setting off full gallop on a wild goose chace, getting a slapped face, and returning *coolly* on a fool's errand.

The associations of undertakers and grave-diggers return their most grateful acknowledgements to Nostrum and Co. for their excellent specifics, and newly-discovered quack medicines, having found great *benefit* thereby.

Wanted, a firm, lasting, and honourable peace—for the benefit of the world at large.

Wanted, a liberal supply of fine paper, from the stock of Abraham Newland—for the benefit of the

AUTHORESS.

Crewkerne.

Biographical Sketch of Sir John Borlase Warren.

(Concluded from Page 844.)

A Plan having been formed in the British cabinet, at the representation of some emigrant officers with the design of co-operating with the Chouans of the Vendée, Commodore Warren, from his knowledge of the French coast, received orders to hoist his broad pendant in La Pomone, and command the naval department. Fifty transports, having three thousand

emigrant troops on board, under the orders of M. de Puysaye and the Comte d'Hervilly, sailed from the isle of Wight, when, after a tedious passage of more than a fortnight, and narrowly escaping Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse with the whole of the French fleet before they had joined the western squadron under Lord Bridport, they anchored in the bay of Quiberon, on the 4th of July, 1795. As the naval commander had been apprised by a chasse maree of the near approach of the noble lord with the fleet, he began to disembark the troops that night and the next day, on the morning of which Sir John Warren detached a part of his line of battle ships to join the fleet of Lord Bridport. They did not come up with him until the action off L'Orient, on the 23d of the same month, which contributed to add to the naval glory of the country.

This expedition has been represented in a light which has greatly impugned the sagacity and the humanity of the cabinet of Great Britain. Its final and fatal termination was certainly the cause of our losing the confidence of the remainder of our emigrant friends. The whole emigrant force was landed at the village of Saint Genes without the loss of a man, so well was this part of the business performed: but a dismal tragedy was about to commence. Sir John was employed several days in landing arms and ammunition for sixteen thousand royalists, who were represented by the chiefs of that army as ready to join the standard against the republicans.

The peninsula of Quiberon is a very strong position, and an attack on it was projected by the generals without delay. The whole force advanced towards the fort, and as it was invested by D'Hervilly with two thousand emigrant troops on the other side, it quickly fell into the hands of the royalists, and the garrison of six hundred men having surrendered, were sent prisoners to England. The royalist force penetrated as far as Vannes, Auray, Pentivi, and to within three leagues of L'Orient, but now it began to be apprized of its imminent danger. The republican General Hoche was collecting two columns of the choicest of his republican troops, of eight thousand men each, from Nantz and other parts of the Vendée, to which were added the seamen and marines of the defeated fleet, which Lord Bridport had driven into L'Orient. In this dangerous position, the royalist general made a gallant attempt to turn the right flank of Hoche's army, which had posted itself on the favourable heights of Sainte Barbe. The commodore did all he could to second this design, by landing another body of Chouans, supported by two hundred marines on the other flank; the attack on the republicans, however, failed, the assailants were repulsed, and a great part of them ran over to the enemy.

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The commodore seeing the royalists broken, retreating, and vigorously pursued, brought up his launches as close as possible to the beach, and as each of them carried an 18 or 24-pounder, the fire from them so much galled the flank of the enemy's column, that the royalists rallied, and made a good retreat into the fort. This position was maintained for more than three weeks by the royalists; but desertion and despair seized the garrison, while the republican troops, flushed with hopes, and strengthened by numbers, menaced their adversaries with speedy destruction. The comte de Sombreuil, with a courage and resolution deserving a better fate, after covering the retreat of the beaten royalists, threw himself into the fort, and was taken in it, although strongly solicited to embark with other officers and royalist inhabitants, which were brought off by the boats of the squadron.

On our part nothing that skill could effect was wanting to ensure success, nor was there less valour displayed by several of the royalist generals; but the comte de Puysaye, who had been fixed on for the chief command, was thought deficient in talent, and even equivocal in principle, having been adjutant-general to Wimpffen, who, though an adversary to the convention in the time of Marat and Robespierre, was, nevertheless, no friend to royalty. The melancholy conclusion of this project drew a considerable obloquy on its first projectors; and the disgraceful death of its best supporters, (for they were shot as traitors) tarnished the reputation and even the integrity of the British character.

The measures did unquestionably appear to be ill concerted; for the British squadron was, when too late, joined by several transports, with between three or four thousand troops, as well as by the Jason frigate, with his royal highness the comte d'Artois and duc de Bourbon on board. The presence of these personages might have given more countenance and life to the attempt; but their arriving only in time to witness the tragical catastrophe of their adherents and abettors, put a damp upon their hopes of ever being reinstated in their ancient dignities.

After this laborious, but unprofitable service, Sir John Warren was occupied by immediate orders from the admiralty to watch the French coast, and keep the harbour of Falmouth and that interesting part of the channel free from an enemy. He took the Etoile and four merchantmen out of a convoy going for provisions for the Brest fleet; and, on account of the protection he afforded the trade and commerce of England, the committee of merchant seamen for the encouragement of the capture of the enemy's privateers, presented him with a sword of a hundred guineas value. It was ascertained that the commodore had captured, destroyed, re-captured, and detained above two hundred ships, by means of the different commands

put

put into his hands of frigates, fleets, &c. In 1797, Sir John was appointed to the Canada; his ship was one of those ordered to watch the motions of the French fleet at Brest, then on the eve of sailing. Being off the Bec de Chevre when two frigates were coming out of L'Iroise Passage, he occasioned them to run foul of each other, by which one was greatly damaged.

On the 11th of October, 1798, having the command of a strong squadron, he discovered the fleet of French ships, under the orders of Monsieur Bompard, which had been fitted out with the design of aiding the rebellion in Ireland, having Mr. Wolfe Tone with them. He captured the Hoche, of 80 guns, and three frigates, all full of troops, thereby frustrating the most dangerous attempt upon the sister kingdom. For this signal service, the thanks of both houses of parliament were voted the commodore, who was soon after raised to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue. In 1801, the admiral was sent to the Mediterranean after Admiral Gantheaume: but the peace of 1802 put an end to the exploits of this enterprising officer. The war, however, had deprived him of a beloved son, a captain in the guards, who fell on service in the inhospitable clime of Egypt.

He was sent on an embassy to Russia, where he is said to have evinced considerable diplomatic knowledge. After this he was promoted to be rear-admiral of the white. Since the renewal of the war, the admiral has not been less active; he has made some captures, and was sent in quest of Jerome Bonaparte, in the West-Indies, but without success. Sir John Warren was member for Nottingham in the last parliament.

To conclude the character of this excellent officer, of whose various services a volume might be written, suffice it to say, that, as he entered the navy by choice at an early age, so has he ever been eager to add to its glory. It has been a subject of surprise to many, that this veteran seaman has not been required to take a signal part in the active operations at present on foot.

Of his private character it is amiable and moral, nor was it ever hazarded but in the intimacy with the late Lord Lyttleton, Captain O'Burne, and their party. He writes an excellent letter, and though apparently of a reserved carriage, he is not difficult of access. He is obeyed by his ship's crew, from his suavity of manner, and the reasonableness of his orders, more than from any other motive. The admiral is now in his 57th year, and enjoys good health.

THE

THE PIGEON.

(Continued from Page 850.)

"THE next time that I was to have a letter by my pigeon, I waited hour after hour, and no pigeon came. I grew melancholy. Fritz had never made me wait—why should he now? Has my pigeon met with any harm? that would be bad. Or is Fritz ill? O! that would be worse.

"I recollected having seen the young parson go with his gun through the village. Has the detestable man shot my pigeon? thought I to myself. Oh no, he preaches the word of God, and could not act in so cruel a manner. I had heard a gun fired during the time, but I knew that the princess was out on the chace, and always liked to ramble about our country; perhaps Fritz is gone upon the chace too. To-morrow my pigeon will come, if not, I must wait patiently 'till the next day, then Fritz himself will come. Thus I tried to comfort myself; but it would not do. My father wondered why I eat no bacon-pancake, as I used to be so fond of it; and I myself was rather surprised, when the watchman came his rounds, that I had not been asleep.

"I was standing at our door, talking with our neighbour Greschens, when she cried out, 'See, see, Christal! what a fine coach driving through our village. It was finely polished, and drawn by four white horses. The coachman and footman were finely dressed with silver lace, and as they drove through the village all the people came out to look at them. Greschens and I staid at the door to see who was sitting in the fine coach; but when it came up we saw it was empty.

"The coachman had stopped, as if he wanted to ask something, and the people pointed towards us. 'What can he want?' said I, and before the words were out of my mouth, the carriage stopped at our door. 'Where does Farmer Bergfeld live?' 'Farmer Bergfield is my father,' said I; 'what did you want?'

"When the footman heard this, he got down, and went directly in to speak to my father. He told him that the princess wished him to send his daughter Christal immediately to her. I was frightened, and my father stared. 'Does our princess know you?' said my father. 'I do not know,' said I. We knew not what to think, and the footman could tell us nothing.

"'Well,' said my father, after having given a dozen hems, 'you had better go directly to her highness. She is a very good and pious lady, and no harm can come to you.' I was by no means so satisfied of that as my father. I asked the servant if I should return in the evening, but he could not tell.

I now thought that perhaps she might keep me until the next day. Then Fritz would come, and if he could not find me, how uneasy he would be; besides which, I should know nothing of my poor little pigeon. What could I do? I thought that in case of necessity I would tell the princess that I must go, because Fritz was waiting for me.

"I then washed myself quite clean at the well, went into my chamber, put on my best clothes, and was in the yard in a minute. I was quite ashamed that the fine footman should ride behind, and pressed him to come into the coach; but he refused it, laughing. We now drove off. Every bush and tree, which I knew so well when I walked, looked now so differently!

"When I had been about half an hour in the coach, the gentle motion making me quite sleepy, I began to nod, and was frightened enough when we suddenly stopped before a fine castle, where two grenadiers, with great whiskers, were walking up and down. There was a number of servants running here and there, and a great many cooks with white aprons. I was now to get out, and go up the great steps; and when I got into the castle it sounded like a church. They carried me into a room that was full of men and great ladies, who carried some one thing and some another. In this chamber it smelt just like a spice-box, and the ceiling was painted with such fine paintings of ladies and dogs!

"When I had waited a little time in this room, I was called up to the princess. As I went in, I was going to make a low curtesy, but I fell my length on the floor, which was as slippery and shining as ice. The princess laughed, but did not want me to see it, for she was a kind-hearted lady.

"'What is your name, child?' said she, when I got up. 'Christal Bergfeld.' 'How old are you?' 'Seventeen.' 'I have heard that you are a good girl, and I wish to provide for you.' I made a curtesy. 'Would you like to be married?' I blushed, and said 'Yes.' 'I am glad to hear it,' said the princess; 'I will seek out a worthy man for you.' 'Ah! that would be too much for your highness, and if your highness will let me, I can find one for myself.' 'You have, perhaps, done that already.' I stood quite still, and became as red as crimson, for I thought of Fritz; but I did not speak a word, for I thought I must not name Fritz to a great princess. She now began to say a great deal about her butler: she told me I should live in the city, be dressed in fine silk clothes, and have every thing I wanted. A terror came over me; I could not speak, but the tears ran down my cheeks.

"'What is the matter, my good girl,' said she, with a voice so soft and sweet, that it melted my heart. 'Certainly, you must be in love. Come, tell me every thing without fear.'

She had now set me at liberty, and the words ran like a stream from my mouth; I did not keep back a single thought, and Fritz was my every third word. But to make it short—I told her that with her consent I would not marry any other man as long as I lived. I was much afraid she would be offended, but she was as kind when I had done speaking as when I began. 'Only think,' said she, 'if you marry my butler you will have no occasion to concern yourself about any thing; you will have your cook and your maid, and may sit the whole day with your hands in your lap; but if you marry Fritz, you must go into the kitchen, and make the fire and the soup yourself, and wash up the dirty things.' 'Oh!' said I, 'I shall be willing to do all that, and much more, if I can but marry Fritz.' 'But do you think you understand what every good wife should know? Can you cook, bake, wash, and work at your needle?' 'O yes, your highness.' 'You are very certain; but if I were to try you, you do not know how to kill a fowl or a pigeon.' 'O yes, that I can do very well.' 'Well,' said she, turning to a handsome young gentleman, who stood behind, and had a silver shoulder-knot, 'go and fetch a pigeon and a knife for me.' He laughed waggishly and went out. 'Do not forget,' said she, 'that if you have boasted of more than you can do, you must marry my butler, instead of Fritz.' I smiled, and promised to marry him on the spot if I could not do it; but I lamented the beautiful floor, which would be spoiled with the blood. 'That is no consequence,' said she, smiling; and as she spoke, the young gentleman came in with the pigeon. But oh! how frightened was I—it was my pigeon—I knew her at the first look; besides which, it had a little scroll on it with these words: *I am Fritz's pigeon*; *kill me not.* I stood stupified, looking first at the pigeon, then at the princess, and then at the young gentleman, who, I saw, could scarcely help laughing; but the princess was quite grave. 'Come,' said she, 'let us see your skill.' 'I kill this pigeon!' and the tears came into my eyes; 'I would rather your highness should cut off my own little finger.' I caressed my poor pigeon, and she caressed me; but I now saw that her wing was lamed, and becoming wild with grief, I forgot who I was, and where I was, and began to scold the barbarous man who I thought had done it. 'Come,' said the princess; 'why all this prattle? will you kill the pigeon or not?' 'I would kill a hundred pigeons,' said I, 'but this one I cannot kill.' 'Then,' said she, 'you must marry the butler.'

"I looked sorrowfully at her to see if she were in earnest; but she put on a severe countenance, and commanded me to stay with her ladies of the bedchamber until she should want me again. I was now to follow the young gentleman, but my poor pigeon was to stay with the princess. As he went with

me he told me that the day before the princess had been upon the hunt, and as she was riding home towards evening, near the Rhine, she suddenly heard a shot at no great distance from her. She looked about, and saw a pigeon fall among her attendants; and as it had a red ribband round its neck with a letter, she took it into the carriage with her, and read the letter. The person who shot it was now near, and had on a blue coat with black buttons. He ran hastily out of the bush, and seemed very anxious to get the pigeon himself; but out of respect to the princess, he stood at a distance, with his hat in his hand.

"'That is the wicked young parson,' said I, crying. The gentleman now brought me to a room full of fine ladies, who were very kind to me, and set coffee and sweetmeats before me; but I could neither eat nor drink. They told me, indeed, that my pigeon's lame wing had been bathed with balsam, and that she would not die; but my heart was full of sorrowful thoughts about the butler, and what would become of Fritz if they should force me to marry him. I told them I wished to go home; but they would not let me go. When night came I was put into a beautiful soft bed, but I could not sleep. While the ladies were snoring around me, I prayed heartily; and, God forgive me! I sent forth many an ill wish against the parson.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The COMET.

A Comet has appeared throughout the kingdom, wandering in his parabolic orb. Such a phenomenon would, in a less enlightened age, have struck terror into the vulgar, and been viewed, by the superstitious, as the harbinger of war, pestilence, and famine.

This comet has been repeatedly seen by great numbers, and particularly on the evening of Monday, October 12, 1807, when the following observations were made from Stobs Castle, Roxburghshire:

The comet became visible immediately at twilight, at a considerable elevation in the heavens, nearly due west, and set about one-half past eight o'clock, within a few degrees of north-west. The nucleus, or star, when viewed through a small telescope, appeared about the size of a star of the first magnitude, but less vivid, and of a pale dusky colour. The atmosphere of the comet, owing to the limited power of the telescope, was barely perceptible. The tail, daily increasing in magnitude and splendour, as the comet approaches the sun, appeared sometimes extremely brilliant, seeming to be a vibration of

of luminous particles, somewhat resembling the aurora borealis, and at other times almost to disappear. From the arch described by the comet in the heavens, in the short space of two hours, its velocity must be immense. By the nearest computation which circumstances and situation allowed, supposing the comet as far distant as the sun, or about 12,000 diameters of the earth, it must be moving in the present stage of its perihelion, at the amazing velocity of nearly a million of miles an hour, or upwards of 16,000 miles a minute! Such astonishing rapidity is indeed almost inconceivable! but the velocity of the comet, observed at Palermo, in 1770, by Mr. Brydone, was still more remarkable, which, in 24 hours, described an arch in the heavens of upwards of 50 degrees in length, and was computed by that ingenious gentleman to be moving at the rate of 60 millions of miles in a day, or upwards of 40,000 miles in a minute!

The comets belonging to our solar system are supposed to amount to about 450; but the elements or periodical times of a small number only of these have been precisely calculated. From the many accurate observations made by Sir Isaac Newton, on the great comet of 1680, they were first discovered to be a kind of planets, moving in very eccentric elliptical orbits, and with accelerated velocity as they approached their perihelion. That remarkable comet was supposed to be the same which had appeared in 1106, in the time of Henry I. in the year 531, in the consulship of Lampadius, and in the year 44, B. C. before Julius Cæsar was murdered. Its next appearance will be in the year 2255, about four centuries hence.

The comet, which appeared in 1759, was pretty accurately predicted by the learned Dr. Halley, and may again be expected to appear about the year 1835. The best astronomers are generally agreed, that comets are opaque bodies, enlightened by the sun; but the precise nature of their substance, which is capable of sustaining the most violent degrees of heat, cannot be determined by the limited faculties of man. The illustrious Newton calculated, that the heat of the great comet of 1680, in its near approach to the sun, must have been 2000 times greater than that of red-hot iron; consequently, if we suppose that comet to be of the same dimensions with the earth, and to cool no faster than red-hot iron, it would require upwards of a hundred millions of years to cool; and from its periodical revolution in the short space of 575 years must remain for ever in a state of the most violent ignition.

This comet, according to Halley, "in passing through its southern node, came within the length of the sun's semidiameter of the earth's orbit."—Had the earth been then in that part of her orbit nearest to that node, the mutual gravitation of two such large bodies, with so rapid a motion as that of

this comet, must not only have deranged the plane of the earth's orbit, but by coming in contact with the earth (a circumstance by no means deemed improbable by the most enlightened philosophers) the shock must have reduced this beautiful frame to its original chaos, or transported it beyond the Georgium sidus, into the boundless depths of infinite space!

But language sinks beneath contemplations so sublime, and so well calculated to inspire the most awful sentiments of the wisdom, providence, and power of the great creator of the universe!

LOSS *of the* SCHOONER FELIX.

THE following interesting narrative of the loss of his majesty's schooner Felix, is given by the only surviving man of the crew of that vessel. It is dated from Santander, in Spain. The man is now serving on board our squadron, cruizing before Rochefort:—

Copy of Henry Ellard's Narrative of the Loss of his Majesty's Schooner Felix.

"HONOURED CAPTAIN, *Santander.*

"I take the liberty of sending you these few lines to inform you of our misfortune, in being cast away in your schooner, on the night of the 22d January last, between twelve and three in the morning, on the coast that lies opposite the fort, at the entrance of Santander, where every soul perished but me, being 79 in number, including nine prisoners that we got exchanged, being sent here for them as cartel. We arrived here on the 18th of said month, got our prisoners on board on the 19th after twelve, when it came on to blow so strong right in the harbour, that we could not put to sea, being to anchor under the fort, from which they hailed us, ordering us to put to sea. We told them we could not, as the wind was right in the harbour; that if we did, we should be in great danger, as the weather looked, and the wind right dead on the shore. They told us, if we did not go out immediately they would fire into us, which they did about eight o'clock, and at twelve in the night gave us another shot, at four in the morning a third, then blowing a gale, and at eight in the morning fired again on us, so was forced to weigh anchor; but it was impossible to get out, the wind blowing so strong from the N.W. with a terrible sea, so was obliged to anchor at the entrance of the bay, the sea breaking over us every instant, and the gale still increasing. We rode out all that day in the greatest danger, was forced to haul down

down our cartel-flag, and hoisted the English flag union downwards, and fired a number of guns in distress; but no assistance attempted to come near us, though a French brig, as have since heard, and several American merchantmen, offered to assist us, but the heads of Santander would not permit them to come near us. We stood in this state all the night of the 20th, the gale continually increasing; on the 21st, we hove eight guns overboard, the sea running so high that it washed our boat overboard, together with a great number of our hands, no one remaining on deck but was lashed to different parts of the ship, in which we stood until the 22d, not knowing what to do, the sea running mountains high, nothing but death before our eyes.

"The captain, Lieutenant Mitchell, the pilot, and myself, were all that could be seen aboard; the bulwarks being all stove in, we were lashed to the ring-bolts on the quarter-deck, the sea flying over us every instant. About twelve a sea carried away her masts and bowsprit, so that nothing remained but clear decks and a bare hull; we lay lashed until two in the morning, when a sea parted our cables, so that we did not know what to do. I spoke to Captain Cameron, and persuaded him to jump overboard, that in five minutes we should be all to pieces on the beach, and murdered by the wreck; we immediately unlashed ourselves, and jumped overboard, where I held Captain Cameron by the head for some time, until the pilot, or Mr. Mitchell, laid hold of me by the leg, at which time I was obliged to let go Mr. Cameron to clear myself; at length a sea hove me on the shore, where I crawled on my hands and knees, not being able to walk, until I was clear of the sea, where I lay until half-past six the next morning, almost dead, no person being there to assist me. I rose and went towards the hills, but being so weak from the blood I lost from a dreadful wound I received on my head, and several parts of my body, so that I could not go any further. At length a Spaniard took me up, and dragged me to his house, where I lay for some time bleeding; at light they sent for a doctor, who dressed my wounds, and ordered me to be put to bed. In this situation I lay several days, until I was a little recovered, when they took me from thence, and put me in prison, where I remain, naked, half-starved to death, and eaten up with dirt and vermin—no one to assist me—the English agent was once to see me, and told me he could not assist me, as the Spanish government had me in their charge, and only allows 5d. per day, which scarce keeps me alive. I should be happy to be able to relate verbally to you all this, but I am afraid it will be a long time, as I am kept so close confined. I should have sent you this account before now, but had no opportunity; at length a friend has offered

offered to deliver this to our ambassador at Lisbon, to have it sent to you, &c.

SECOND ASCENSION *by* NIGHT *of* M. GARNERIN.

MY second aerial journey by night will not afford an opportunity for the brilliant narratives which I have had occasion to make in the course of my 40 preceding ascensions. I shall not have to describe the majestic appearances which nature continually offers to the eyes of an aeronaut who ascends in favourable weather. I can only give a narrative of an aerial tempest which was nigh terminating in a shipwreck.

The obstacles which the wind caused to the inflation of the balloon sufficiently apprised me of the approach of the storm; and to the difficulties of the weather was added the turbulence of a party, by which I was prevented from placing the cord of the valve, so as to regulate the tube, which, in case of expansion, was to conduct the gas into a direction different from the lights which surrounded the bottom of the balloon.

I was to have been accompanied by M. de Chassenton; but the aerial storm, which continually increased until the moment of my departure, gave me reason to apprehend such a disaster as Mr. Blanchard and another aeronaut, met with in Holland. M. de Chassenton was actually in the boat. I must bear witness to his determination; for I am convinced that nothing could have made this young man, remarkable for his merit, quit the boat, if the well-grounded apprehension which I entertained, of seeing him exposed to certain destruction, had not suggested to me the idea of declaring to him, that the balloon was not capable of carrying up two persons.

It was thus in the most adverse weather, and exposed to the greatest opposition and the tumult of a cabal, the head of which it is easy to guess at, that I ascended from Tivoli, at half-past ten o'clock, on the night of the 21st of September. An unexampled rapidity of ascension, but extremely necessary to prevent me from coming in contact with the adjoining houses, raised me above the clouds, and in a few minutes carried me to an immense height, the extent of which I cannot precisely ascertain, on account of the dangers and embarrassments which suddenly affected my imagination, and prevented me from observing the declension of the mercury in the barometer. Elevated in an instant to the frozen regions, the balloon became subject to a degree of expansion which inspired me with the greatest apprehension. There was no alternative between certain death and giving an instant vent to the gas; and this at the risk of seeing the balloon take fire. I gradually opened

with one hand an orifice of about two feet diameter, by which the gas escaped in large volumes, while, with the other, I extinguished as many of the lights as I could. During this effort I several times was near overbalancing myself, and falling out of the boat.

Deprived of the opportunity of regulating the valve, my balloon, like a ship without a rudder, floated in air, obeying the influence of the temperature, the winds, and the rain. Whenever the force of these made me descend, the storm, which kept still increasing, obliged me to throw out ballast, for the purpose of avoiding it, and escaping from imminent shipwreck. At length, at four o'clock in the morning, after having been almost continually enveloped in thick clouds, through which I could seldom see the moon, all my means of supporting myself in the air were exhausted. Whatever skill I possessed was no longer of use to me. My boat several times struck against the ground, and rebounded from thence. The tempest often drove me against the sides and tops of mountains. Whenever my anchor caught in a tree, the balloon was so violently agitated by the wind, that I experienced all the inconvenience of a violent sea-sickness. Plunged at one time to the bottom of a precipice, in an instant after I ascended, and acquired a new elevation. The violence of the concussions exhausted my strength, and I lay for half an hour in the boat in a state of insensibility. During this tempest I recovered; I perceived Mont Tonnerre, and it was in the midst of crashes of thunder, and at a moment which I supposed would be my last, that I planted upon this celebrated mountain the eagle of Napoleon joined to that of Alexander.

I was carried away for some time longer by gusts of wind, but fortunately some peasants came to my assistance at the moment that the anchor hooked in a tree. They took hold of the cords which hung from the balloon, and landed me in a forest upon the side of a mountain, at half-past five in the morning, seven hours and a half after my departure, and more than 100 leagues distant from Paris. They took me to Clausen, in the canton of Waldfischbach, and department of Mont Tonnerre. M. Cesar, a man of information, and mayor of the neighbouring town, came and offered me every assistance in his power, and, at my request, drew up a narrative, of which he gave me a copy.

I was splendidly entertained the next day at Deux Ponts by a society of friends of the arts, consisting of public functionaries, the officers of the 12th regiment of cuirassiers, and of the members of the lodge of freemasons.

GARNERIN.

MAI-

MAINOTE WOMEN.

THE Mainotes inhabit (if we may credit Stephanopoli, who was commissioned by Bonaparte to inspect and render an account of this people) that part of the Morea which forms Cape Matapan, and assert themselves to be descendants of the ancient Spartans. According to tradition, Maina is derived from the Greek word fury, and is expressive of the impetuosity of the natives, in their frequent wars with the Turks.

During these encounters (continues Stephanopoli) the men never quit their post; and their wives not only bring them ammunition and provisions, but also share in their dangers. If a woman sees her husband mortally wounded, she takes his arms, and endeavours to avenge his death. Theocari, during a late war, saw her son die at her feet: she seized his arms, exclaiming, "Sleep, my child! I am at thy post." Irene, wounded in the thigh by a ball, turned towards the enemy, and, with an undaunted air, cried—"If I can no longer work, I will breed children who shall revenge me!" Helena, who had been recently married, found her husband wounded in the left arm, and the ball stuck in the flesh. She sucked the blood, drew out the ball with her tongue, and, presenting it to him, said, "Take it, and send it back to the enemy." Even the young Stamata, carrying powder and provisions to her brother, and finding him drawing his sabre to oppose two Turks, seized his gun, and shot one of them, while he cut down the other.

Among these people nothing is more sacred than the honour of the sex. To insult a woman, is cowardice; to outrage her, can be expiated only by blood. The females, indeed, are here the first to make themselves respected!

CURIOUS TREE.

IN 1636, an Indian, of the valley of Limache, discovered, among the trees he was hewing down, one of the same size of a large laurel, about twelve feet in height. Two transverse branches, springing from the top, gave it the form of a perfect cross. The knotty excrescences formed the figure of the human body very clearly and distinctly. The arms, though united with the cross, appeared in bas-relief. The chest and ribs were equally perfect; so much so, that the latter might be almost counted; and the arm-pits appeared like an elaborate piece of sculpture. The lower members resembled the painting of our Saviour in his shroud. The hands and fingers were but slightly delineated; and scarcely any traces of the head and face could be discovered. A gentleman had it conveyed home, and afterwards built a chapel, wherein it is deposited.

WATCH MAKING.

THE ingenious M. Grebel, a watchmaker, at Paris, has obtained a patent for a discovery which may become of general utility. He has invented a pendulum which has no weight, and which has entirely the form of a ball: the dial is transparent, and by the means of a reflecting lamp, and a current of air, shews the hour at a great distance. In consequence of a peculiar contrivance, neither the hands, the pivot on which they turn, nor the balance, cast any shadow. A considerable degree of light may be given to it, which, if necessary, may be diminished to the simple gleam of a rushlight, thus forming a most convenient appendage to the chambers of the sick: it will also prove very advantageous to all classes of society, as it may be adapted to public clocks, and while it renders the hour distinguishable at every moment of the night, will, at the same time, prove an excellent reverberating lamp.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE death of Calanus, the Indian, is worthy of praise, some would say of admiration. It was of this nature: Calanus, the Indian sophist, having taken a last farewell of Alexander and the Lacedæmonians, wished to release himself from the shackles of the body. He had a pile erected in the handsomest suburbs of Babylon. The wood of which it was made was perfectly dry, and was chosen from cedar, thyme, cypress, and laurel, to produce a sweet fragrance.

When he had taken his usual exercise, which was that of running, he ascended the funeral pile, and, encircled with a garland of reeds, stood in the middle of it. The sun at that moment darted upon him with his rays. He fell prostrate before it. This was the signal for the Lacedæmonians to set fire to the pile. This was done. The flame entwining round him, he stood dauntless, and did not fall 'till he was burnt to ashes. Then, it is reported, Alexander, with great astonishment, said, Calanus had sustained a severer conflict than himself: he had advanced against Porus, Taxiles, and Darius, but Calanus had engaged with pain and death.

Such is Ælian's account, as translated by Dr. Toulmin; but had the mind of Calanus been enlightened by Christianity, he would have known that there is more true courage in continuing to discharge the duties of life as long as it shall please God to let us live, than to rush unbidden into the other world. The real Christian will bear afflictions with fortitude, and trust in God for an happy issue to them.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to J. C.'s Rebus, inserted August 31.

EACH gallant OFFICER will stand,
In freedom's cause, to guard our rights and land.

*** Similar answers have been received from W. D. of Bristol; J. Whitnell, of Street; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridge-water; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Thomas Gill, officer of excise near Wells; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; G. P. O. of Beer; and Walter, of the Plymouth volunteers.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to H. Ellis's Rebus, inserted the 7th of September.

BEHOLD the glorious orb resplendent rise,
And with refulgent beam illume the skies;
The stately ship rides safely o'er the sea,
Until rude BOREAS blows tempestuously,
When breakers rise, and raging billows roar,
Which dash the ship against the rocky shore.

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. V. near Helston; and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

A Negative, ye gents. select;
And next a numeral detect;
And lastly, Sirs, I do desire,
That you'll find out a coal of fire:
Then if you rightly join the three,
My gloomy whole you soon will see.

A REBUS, *by G. S. of Egg Buckland.*

A Foreign city first transpose;
And then my first you will disclose;
The next, a vowel, bring to mind;
And then a note in music find;
Part of a beast of chase select;
A minor prophet then detect;
And to conclude, and make an end,
A consonant must here be penn'd:
These parts, when join'd in order true,
A foreign beast you'll have in view.

A CHARADE, *by J. Joyce, of Tiverton.*

DESTRUCTIVE first! wherever thou dost rage,
What consternation dost thou spread around!
When all attempts prove vain thy power to assuage,
The wretched suff'rers shrieks aloud resound.
Who can forbear to mourn his hapless fate,
Who pines beneath my second's heavy load?
How would his heart with gratitude dilate
If suffer'd to return to his abode.
The housemaid of my whole the use well knows,
On which to clean much labour she bestows.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The Magpie and Crow, in the Assembly of Birds.

A FABLE, AFTER GAY.

ALL on a time the birds agree,
To build a large infirmary:
It ill became a bird of soul
To die on tree, or in a hole.
It happen'd, that some great affair
Assembled all the sons of air,
The merit of their work to scan,
Or to improve upon the plan.
But, first, it was the usual way,
To choose a top-bird for the day.
The gen'rous eagle, tho' much prest,
Offers the honour to the rest:
While all their diffidence declare,
Mag hops at once into the chair,
And chatter'd so, you must have thought,
That he had got his gab by rote.
At length, when Marg'et had done prosing,
A learned crow pok'd his black nose in:
"Listen to me," he cries, "I warn ye,
Maggy was only bred attorney;
But I, as each of you well knows,
In university of crows!
We reason better in our schools,
And draw our art from logic-rules."
And then display'd, with art's pretence,
What was well-known to common sense.
The nobler birds, with knowledge stor'd,
Were scarce allow'd to speak a word;
Yet, what with clattering and croaking,
Could ill refrain from sneer and joking:
But all advis'd, in self-defence,
To check such vain impertinence,
And if a milder method fails,
To clip their tongues, and singe their tails.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The CHRISTIAN's DEATH.

BEHOLD the Christian at that awful hour,
When he submits to death's destructive pow'r;
When painful sickness waves her horrid wand,
And dire distemper lifts his dreadful hand;
When the fell monster, Satan, with his train,
Try to subvert his mind, and o'er him empire gain.

And does his God forsake him, whom he loves,
When all assistance else but useless proves?

No—

No—in the dreary hour of darksome gloom,
His gracious promises his soul illume;
His hand the sovereign balm of grace bestows,
To cheer his drooping mind, and comfort all his woes.

While breathing out of life the last remains,
In dying accents thus his tongue exclaims:
"What tho' this mortal tenement of clay,
This mould'ring frame, to worms must fall a prey,
My soul shall live, forsake this dark abode,
And soar to realms of light, to see my God,
To join with angels, in harmonious lays,
And make heav'n's lofty arches ring with notes of praise.
This happiness is mine," in joy he cries,
Then bows his head, without a groan, and dies.

Exeter, October 12, 1807. HENRY ELLIS.

The RAPIDS.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

By T. MOORE, *Esq.*

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'd sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar,
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day light's past.

Utawa's tide this trembling moon
Shall see us float over the surges soon;
So at this green isle hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs,
Blow breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day light's past.

The BIRTH *of* LIBERTY.

WHEN first infant liberty dropt upon earth,
The mountains and forests then cradled her birth;
Nurs'd by nature, she dwelt amongst savages wild,
Whilst numerous nations adopted the child.
Her mind was for ages as dark as the night,
Her form, unadorn'd, wander'd naked to sight;
She in huts and in cottages only was found,
Reposing at ease on the grass cloathed ground.
She in huts, &c.

But banish'd from earth by a profligate race,
Long time she conceal'd both her grief and disgrace;
'Till heroes demanding a charter of laws,
Recall'd her from Heav'n, to enlist in their cause;
In Britain she landed, delighted to see
Men firm to their king, yet resolv'd to be free.
Then in England for ever may liberty reign,
The queen of the isles, and the queen of the main.
Then in England, &c.